

## THEIR PETS IN THE PICTURE

### THE DOG A VALUED PROPERTY IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO.

A Fashion for Women to Be Photographed in Company With a Pet Dog—Some Recent Pictures of the Kind—Dogs Accounted Good Subjects for Camera.

The dog as a photographic property has been enjoying popularity than any other decorative feature of the atelier. It stands next to the child as a pictorial detail. "Love me, love my dog," never had greater significance than it possesses in the studio.

The photographers welcome the canine pet as a relief to their overworked imaginations. It possesses moreover the advantage of not requiring as much attention as the other living incident of so many pictures—the child.

Nobody is ever fond enough of Fauvette or Dinny or Pippo to worry about

its expression and to refuse a negative because its picture does not happen to be good. Then in these days of instantaneous photography it does not particularly matter if the dog does get fidgety and moves a little bit.

Mrs. Samuel Wagstaff, who is posed with the collie, was Miss Pauline French of Newport and is a niece of Mrs. French-Vanderbilt, formerly the wife of Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff spend much of their time at Newport, where they were married.

Their city home is at 121 Madison avenue.

Mrs. John Clinton Work, who is accompanied in the picture by a terrier, was formerly Miss Cicely I. Sheldon of this city, but now lives at 34 Franklin avenue, Morristown.

Miss Hilda Holmes, who is one of the recent debutantes in society, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Artemas H. Holmes of 453 Madison avenue, which is one of the houses in the vine covered brownstone block between Fifth and Fifty-first



(Photo by Alme Dupont, New York.)

MRS. JOHN CLINTON WORK.



(Photo by Alme Dupont, New York.)

MISS HILDA HOLMES.



(Photo by Earle, New York.)

MISS MARIE SPIEGELBERG.



(Photo by Alme Dupont, New York.)

MRS. SAMUEL WAGSTAFF.



(Photo by Alme Dupont, New York.)

MRS. JOSEPH PALMER KNAPP.



(Photo by Alme Dupont, New York.)

MRS. BUTLER DUNCAN.

## NEW YORK AFTER 40 YEARS

### MR. FEUDNER SEES SOME CHANGES IN THAT TIME.

He Stopped Here on His Way From Germany to Make a Living in the West, but Now for the First Time Since He's Making a Real Visit to the City.

Mr. Feudner, who is sole proprietor of the "German Republic," is paying a visit to New York in forty years. It is true that fifteen years ago he came to this city on his way to visit his father in Germany, but he only stopped over night at the Hotel Langens. He said:

"I can recognize at all in New York to-day," said Mr. Feudner, "as he thought it over at the Hotel, the old Atlantic Garden in the city, the cobblestone pavement and the horse cars. There may be other landmarks or landmarks from the past, but I have no recollection of them."

"I must explain that I was only 15 years old when I saw New York for the first time. I stayed in the city only ten days, and I know hardly any English. It was in 1870 that I left the little town of twelve miles south of Bingen on the Rhine to make my fortune in the New

World. My father was poor, but he had relatives out in Huntington, Ind., who had promised that they would find work for me if he would send me out to them. This was at the time when the German emigration was at its height, and before the Poles, Slavs and Italians had started to come this way in any great numbers.

The principal immigrants received here came from Germany and Ireland. I came over on the old Silesia of the Hamburg-American Line, then a brand new steamship, which took eleven days for the trip. We were landed at Hoboken and then brought straight in a barge over to Castle Garden. There was no delay in getting away from the immigration authorities, and I easily found the address given to me by my father of some friends on what is now known as the lower East Side. I have this address at home, but I cannot remember where it was, though I fancy it was somewhere in the neighborhood of Houston street. Cooper Union was not then built, but I remember the corner where it stands.

"Of course I spent the ten days I was here in meandering about. One of the most attractive places I visited was the Atlantic Garden, on the Bowery, where at that time some of the best people of the city used to congregate. Around the City Hall Park there were, of course, none of the great buildings there are to-day. I recall another park where I used

to go, but I cannot seem to locate it. There was a big circular track where you were permitted to ride wooden velocipedes for a nickel. You never saw the velocipedes on the street, but the crash for them was on.

"I remember that in one of the parks or squares somebody called my attention to a lot of English sparrows, which I was told had lately been imported and which were supposed to be useful. "There was no elevated railway in those days and only horse cars were running. They hadn't even built the elevated track and the streets were comparatively quiet. The Bowery was one of the main thoroughfares. You saw everywhere a lot of men who did nothing but grind organs. There were very few Italians in the city. Even in the barber shops they were not to be seen, for these establishments seemed to be run principally by Germans. They used to try to get all the German boys to learn the barber trade.

"One visit I paid to what was then the biggest piano factory here, whose product was the best known of the kind in the United States. This piano is no longer made. "You must remember that this was before the day of tall buildings. The average style of buildings was only three or four stories of brick. I don't think in my wanderings I got much about where Cooper Union is now. "Of the people I stayed with, the head of the family drove an ice wagon, and

across the hall a tailor worked all day with his whole family at making ready made clothing, a sort of beginning of the sweat shop. This tailor used to blow the French horn in an orchestra at night. I visited another man who used to make cornucopias. This was before the days of the paper sack. This man literally had an infant industry for he employed a lot of small girls in the work. These cornucopias, which were made simply by folding a square of paper once to make a triangle and pasting over one open side, were used altogether by grocers in that day.

"Of course I paid a visit to Wall Street. It did not look as narrow as it does now, with the great buildings on either side, but all I remember about it was the great stream of men that came pouring down it at noon. "To go West I went over to the Erie depot in Jersey City. It was a very small building, and the trains stood out in the open. A man directed me by signs to the train I was to take, so I went and got upon the last car, which was the nearest. I had a first class ticket, so I took a seat inside. Then I looked across the way, and there was a stateream. Nobody was in it, and it looked good to me, so I went over and took possession, installing my bag under the seat. I had just begun to make myself comfortable when a man who looked like a United States Senator—I didn't know the type then—came in and frowned at me. I realized then that I didn't belong there, so I hauled my bag out and meeked through the door. When the train started the conductor came along and demanded my Pullman ticket. A drum-

mer who thought he knew German tried to interpret, and eventually I got the impression that I belonged in another car, so I went forward.

"We rode for two nights and a day before we got to Fort Wayne, a journey that now takes only twenty-three hours. I got there I went to work to learn the printer's trade. Then thirty-three years ago I removed to Rushville, where I went to work on the Republican. The paper is old, having been established in 1840. When I joined it it was being printed on a hand press. I saved up and finally acquired an interest in it. Seven years ago I became its sole proprietor. Six years ago, after it had been published as a semi-weekly for twelve years, I started as a daily, keeping on the semi-weekly edition, and now it is the leading daily of the place.

"Do I think the opportunities are still as good over here as they were when I first came? Well, labor is very scarce in the middle West, and there is now an excellent chance not only for mechanics but for laborers of all kinds. "I came to New York this time just to see the town, and I am taking two weeks to do it, and I am doing it methodically. Why have I not done it before? Well, to tell the truth, the only holiday that I have ever taken since the first ten days I spent in New York is the time I went to Germany fifteen years ago; but I can tell you I have been looking forward to this trip for many years. You cannot realize until you have been away from it for some time just how fast and how wonderfully New York grows; but still you have the horse cars.

## "DRUMMER IN DISGUISE."

### New Foreign Missionaries Help to Develop Trade.

From the Washington Herald. "The missionary outposts are the skirmish lines of the advancing army of civilization," said the Rev. Martin S. Eldridge of Philadelphia and Tokio. "That their mere presence means opening new territory for foreign influence and hence a new market for foreign goods no one can deny."

"It is interesting to study the methods by which these results were accomplished. For instance, one missionary came to Japan twenty-five years ago and went to live in a remote town in the interior. This man and his family could not buy the simplest articles for household use, so no European had ever lived in that section. The people went to see the foreign house and furniture, just as they might crowd into a museum. "They examined the queer foreign clothes with their curious buttons. They were filled with admiration when they gazed upon the metal wash basin in which the foreign barbarians washed their faces and hands. The first knowledge that came to the missionary that he was a 'drummer in disguise' was when a delegation of prominent citizens waited upon him and requested him to send to one of the open ports and buy them some metal basins. "Then followed the demand for under-clothing with buttons, which is one feature of Occidental dress quite generally adopted now even in rural Japan. The handsome of a pocket knife finally struck the Japanese, so that the missionary imported a supply

of them. Within two years there was such a demand for foreign goods that he persuaded a Japanese merchant to open a foreign store. A stock was purchased at one of the ports and the store was opened. From that little beginning grew up one of the great trading companies of island Japan, handling many thousands of dollars worth of goods every year.

Not all of this trade now flows abroad, for the company has a number of factories, one of which makes metal wash basins and such articles and the other spins and knits cotton underwear.

## A Kansas Firestorm.

From the Kansas City Journal. Here is an incident that a Chanute man tells as having occurred in a certain Kansas town. He was in the ticket office and watched the proceedings.

A man came up to the window and asked for a ticket to Kansas City, inquiring the price. "Two twenty-five," said the agent. "The man dug down into a well worn pocketbook and fished out a bill. It was a bank note for \$2. It was also all the money he had. "How soon does this train go?" he inquired. "In fifteen minutes," replied the agent. "The man hurried away. Soon he was back with three silver dollars, with which he bought a ticket. "Pardon my curiosity," said the ticket seller, "but how did you get that money?" "It isn't a loan, for I see you have disposed of the \$2 bill." "That's all right," said the man. "No, I didn't borrow. I went to a pawn shop and secured the bill for 25 cts. Then on I started back here I used an old so-called pawnshop when I sold the pawn ticket for 25 cts. I then had 25 cts and he gave me the money for which the \$2 bill stands as security."